How Atlantic Won the Cup

Story of the Record Breaking Trip With Capt. Barr at the Holm.

In the far distant future, which now is as hazy as the weather was off Sandy Hook when the ocean racers started on their contest, young America will talk of the deeds of yachtsmen and how this country gained the yachting supremacy of the world. Of the tales that will be told, the story of the Atlantic's winning of the Emperor's cup will stand out prominently. The Atlantic will be linked with the America, the vacht that first drew British attention to American yachts; with the Sappho, the Henrietta, the Dauntless, Puritan, Mayflower, Columbia and hosts of other boats too numerous to mention that have always been able to lead the way over the course on which they sailed, to the disappointment and mortification of their rivals.

They will talk of the Atlantic as the boat that crossed the ocean in twelve days, as the boat that sailed 341 miles from noon to noon during the trip of her bonny Capt. Barr and his gallant crew, and of Wilson Marshall, her young and plucky owner, and the names of these men will be linked with those of Commodore Stevens, James Gordon Bennett, Caldwell H. Colt, Gen. Charles J. Paine, Capts. Samuels, Haff, Terry and Lyons, which are perpetuated in the yachting Hall of Fame.

The Atlantic by her victory showed that American skill, American pluck and American nerve can make American yachts win in races from continent to continent as well as over measured courses in sight of land. They can win when the course has to be carefully plotted out, when the boat has to be driven through calm and storm, when danger stands in the way, such as fog and ice and steamships, and when the hoat has to be sailed night and day, as well as when the yacht is sailed around a short course that it as easy to plot as a course on the Central Park Lake, but when the boats have to be nursed and coaxed tenderly and delicately and with all the skill that the man at the wheel can bring to

The Atlantic won the race because she is a good boat, well built, scientifically balanced and has power to drive her fast in all weathers. She won, too, because sie was sailed by a skilful captain, Charles Barr, a man who can do battle with Cup defenders and with racers that go across the ocean, and because she had a good crew, every man of which did his utmost to help the yacht on to victory and was always confident that the Atlantic would win the German Emperor's prize.

There is something of the Viking spirit in the idea of racing a big schooner yacht across the Atlantic. Many yachts have crossed under comfortable rig, but to take a boat that spreads 22,000 square feet of canvas on her three masts under ordinary conditions and when the wind is favorable can hoist several thousand square feet pore in the way of kites and balloons requires nerve. This was done, and unless it had been done the vacht would have been beaten. An accident would have left the boat helpless in the middle of the ocean, but such an accident was never thought of. n the fog she might have been run down by some passing steamer that rushes on only striving to get to port as quickly as possible but the thought of this did not daunt those who had started with the Atlantic to win the race. She might have collided with an iceberg, for those huge ghosts that float silently in the paths of vessels were drifting on toward their own destruction in the warmer climates and menacing the yachts in the race, but these fears did not discourage those on the racers.

They were all thought of as any tical seafaring man will think of all the dangers of the deep, and watch was kept night and day from the time the yacht started until she finished. It was no ordinary watch either, because most of the shifts in the wind come between midnight and dawn, and the skipper who would take advantage of these shifts has to be wakeful and watchful.

The Atlantic after winning the race kept on her course toward Cowes. She had other worlds to conquer, and Mr. Marshall wanted to beat the record made by the Endymion in 1901 crossing the ocean from the Needles to Sandy Hook. The Atlantic was successful again in this, and then early on Wednesday morning, May 31, she dropped anchor off Southampton, and all on board took a much needed rest.

Every man was tired. They had all spent sleepless days and nights, but they were not too tired to get out the log and chart of the course sailed and go all over the race again. As the story of the run across the Atlantic was told and the positions pointed out on the chart it was easy to see that the Atlantic had been greatly favored by weather. She had practically sailed the route taken by the ocean steamers at this season of the year and had experienced leading winds almost for the entire trip. Capt. Barr had plotted out a fine course. He swept east with little northing until longitude 53 was reached, and then the yacht took the great circle to the finish. She sailed in all 3,008 nautical miles in 12 days 4 hours 1 minute, which is an average speed of 10.31 knots an hour. She made the trip from land to land in 11 days 16 hours 22 minutes. That was to Bishop's Rock, and her average for that part of the journey was 10.57 knots an hour. She made 341 miles between noon on the 23d and noon on the 24th. Her actual sailing time for the 341 miles was 23 hours 31 minutes 32 seconds, and she averaged in

that time 14.494 nautical miles an hour. Wilson Marshall, Fred M. Hoyt, H. A Bergman, C. B. Seeley, L. B. Ostrander and Dr. F. B. Downs, the amateurs who sailed on the vacht, were enthusiastic about the way the yacht behaved. They could not praise the vessel enough, and they had lots of praise, too, for the way she was sailed by Capt. Barr, declaring that good as the boat is she could not have won the race if it had not been for Barr's masterly handling and rare good judgment at critical times, and there were many

when an arror would have been costly. All hands were disappointed at the post ponement of the start which the fog necesand the unpleasant weather was a dampener for the spirits of all. They had looked forward to a fine day with a good wind but were forced to remain at anchor in the Horseshoe at Sandy Hook for another

The morning of the 17th, the day on which the boats started, was another unpleasant one. It was cold and raw. Fog anks hung around to the eastward, but preparations were made early for the | jib. The squall passed over, leaving every-

The Atlantic was towed out from the Horseshoe and working sails hoisted on the way to the Sandy Hook Lightship. Just five minutes before the preparatory signal was made the towline was dropped, headsails broken out and the yacht was under her own canvas. The signal was made at noon, and in the fifteen minutes between that signal and the starting gun every-thing was made ready. All was excitement, and every man was anxious that the boat should get a good start. Capt. Barr, with his cool way of handling things, had his eye everywhere, and as the time drew near for the starting gun he took the wheel himself to take the yacht over the line. She crossed the line on the port tack at 12.15.45, and staysails and jib topsail were set at once. The Ailsa and Hildegarde led the Atlantic over the line. The yacht took a course southeast one half east and the boat was soon traveling along at a brisk rate. Very soon only the Ailsa, Ham-burg, Atlantic and Hildegarde were prominent; the others had either tacked or been lost in the fog. Then the Allsa and Hildegarde were dropped, but the Hamburg hung on and for a time gave those on the Atlantic a scare. It was early in the race. though, to worry about another boat, but

thing quiet, and then sail was got on the yacht again. At 10 o'clock signals were exchanged with the White Star Line steamer

Soon after this the wind shifted to northwest and freshened considerably during the night. Under full canvas the yacht made good headway, and by noon on the twenty-first day she had sailed 270 miles more, which was her best day's run so far. She was in latitude 41.09, longitude 54.40.

That day it was cold and fair. The wind decreased in force toward sundown, and it was quite light with a moderate southwest swell. All night the weather was light, and in the morning the boat had hardly steerage way. At noon on the 22d she had sailed only 112 miles and was in latitude 41.24, longitude 52.12. Her course was north, 82 degrees east.

About 1 o'clock the breeze increased and all light sails were set, and under a smother of canvas such as can be carried on no other yacht afloat the Atlantic improved her position. It was still cold and old navigators said "ice," and they were right, too, for at 10:30 o'clock at night a big iceberg was seen silently drifting about a mile to the south of the yacht. The temperature of the air then was 42 degrees and of the water 35 degrees. The berg presented a gruesome sight as it glistened in the moonlight, and all hands crowded to the rail and watched it as long as possible. Toward midnight the wind freshened again. coming southerly. At 5 A. M. on the 23d another berg was passed; this time it was about five miles north of the yacht. At noon 243 miles had been added to the distance made, and the position of the yacht was latitude 42.30, longitude 48.57. The course was north, 74 degrees east.

The day was a pleasant one and warm, and the wind increased during the afternoon and night. All light sails were carried. and with her lee rail down to the water's edge the Atlantic was speeding along in a an hour. way that made every one on board en-

along, while all around her were waves seemingly mountain high, across which the yacht was making her venturesome journey. All the morning the gale raged, coming from the southwest. At noon it moderated somewhat and the mizzen topsail was set, and a little later the mainsail and foresail, both double reefed, were hoisted. At noon the yacht had made 243 miles, and her position was latitude 48.56, longitude 20.53. This was at noon

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fortunately for Him It Didn't

"Speakin' o' that there line in the good

book where it says that him that has gits

an' him that hain't got nothin' gen'ly loses

the pot," said old man Greenhut, "I hain't

never knowed o' nobody as furnished a

better example o' the truth o' that sayin'

Greenhut lapsed into silence after his

orief remark, and it presently appeared that

he had no thought of continuing. Jos

Bassett, therefore, observed, as if incredu-

"Somehow I don't call to mind no Colonel

f'm Mississippi o' the name o' Bumbottle.

There were a rouster come down f'm Cairo

or thereabouts last year name o' Bum-

bottle; or mebbe 'twas Col. Matthews

you was speakin' of. He come f'm Mis-

The old man looked steadily at the Sheriff

for a considerable time before answering.

Then he snorted. Then he said, with

"The things you can't call to mind, Joe

d set all the Yankee States up in business

"I reckon there ain't much use o' tellin'

rou how well known the Bumbottle fam'ly

behind the bar, and, choosing one that

seemed to be of superior excellence, he

lighted it carefully and walked around to

his favorite seat by the window. Seating

himself with deliberation, he put his feet

carefully on the edge of the windowsill and

smoked until he had his tobacco thoroughly

"This here Col. Bumbottle 't I were a-

mentionin' were the last o' the fam'ly.

The Bumbottles was all patriots, an' they'd

fit into every war there ever was on Ameri-

can soil, so's it come to be understood 't

hey was all Colonels. They was just

"Bein' a Bumbottle, naturally he was

naturally born that way, an' this here Bum-

rich. The Bumbottle fam'ly owned nigh

about the hull o' two counties on the river

afore the civil war, an more niggers 'n they

"O' course, when the niggers was set free

they lost them, but there wa'n't nothin'

but floods c'd take the land away f'm 'em,

an' when all the other Bumbottles died

enough of it to make him the richest man

an' left all they had to this one, there was

"That was right where that there script'ral

maxim come in-'Them that has, gits'-

I'r it 'peared like everything he reached for

come right to him, like the coon 't wouldn't

wait f'r Davy Crockett to shoot. An' if

he draw'd f'r a card to a four flush it come

to be understood among them that played

with him 't there wa'n't no manner o'

O' course them that didn't know so much

about him didn't always reckon on this

little peccoliarity o' his game, and them 't

didn't was tol'able sure to suffer. I c'n

call to mind as when there was some con-

sid'able doin's along o' one man 'twas a

"There was five o' the leadin' citizens

' Vicksburg useter play poker 'most every

night in Pete Slocum's back room 't I was

tendin' bar for. Bumbottle was one on

'em an' there was Judge Starlight an'

Dr. Grimshaw an' Squire Hosack an' Slocum his own self 't run the best hotel

stranger in Vicksburg not understandin'

doubt about him gittin' it.

this here gift o' his'n.

bottle were a Colonel afore he was weaned.

well alight before speaking.

'd ever count.

in the State.

sissippi.

great deliberation:

f'r a hund'd vear or more.

than Col. Bumbottle o' Mississippi did."

Extend to Straights.

on the 27th.

Then the wind hauled to the south and the square sail was taken in. The wind and sea moderated in the afternoon and reefs were shaken out of the fore and main sails. That night was a fair one, with a strong southwest breeze. The wind gradually moderated on the 28th, and by noon the yacht had sailed 309 miles more. The yacht was then only 313 miles from the finish, and all began to wonder if any boat could be ahead of the Atlantic. It did not seem possible, but nothing had been seen since the day after the start, and there was no telling what some other boat had done. She, too, might have broken records and made fast daily runs, but all thought that the Atlantic was ahead.

In the afternoon the wind was fresh again, and toward midnight it got squally, and at 11 o'clock, in one particularly heavy squall, the spanker was taken in. At midnight soundings were made, and 65 fathoms were got on the lead line. This agreed with the dead reckoning under which the yacht had been navigated, as the weather had been too thick for good sights.

At 8:15 o'clock on the morning of the 29 h Bishop's Rock was sighted 2 points on the lee bow. At 9:37 o'clock, Greenwich mean time, the Rock bore north, and the time of the passage from Sandy Hook Lightship to that point had been 11 days 16 hours 22 minutes, and the Atlantic had made an average speed of 10.57 knots

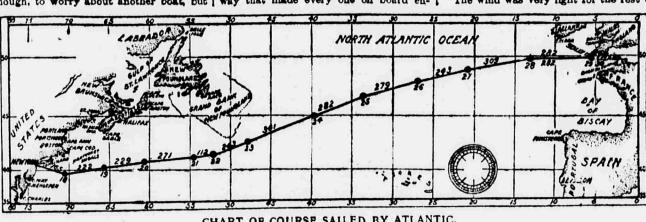


CHART OF COURSE SAILED BY ATLANTIC.

the Hamburg was known to be a fast boat under the conditions that then prevailed, and there was no telling what would happen before the Lizard was reached.

About 3 o'clock the wind freshened somewhat and the Atlantic began to drop the Hamburg. An accident on the German boat, the splitting of her jib topsail, helped the Atlantic, too, for the torn sail had to be taken in and another set. Then the Hamburg picked up again, and by 6 o'clock was on the weather beam of the Atlantic. Every stitch of canvas was set on the Atlantic. The men on watch were in their oilskins, the yacht was held in the fresher breeze, water was boiling along the lee rail. The Hamburg still gained, and by 9 o'clock that night was about half a mile in the lead. It rained then and made things uncomfortable and cold. The wind at times freshened considerably, so that sails were often shifted. Sometimes the boat was under working canvas and at others had up staysails and jib topsails. The first night out was a very disagreeable one. The winds were variable signal was kept going, and those on board pleasant conditions.

On the morning of the 18th the wind hauled northerly so that the vacht could lay her course. She had held on to the port tack until then, and with the shift in the wind was able to head up considerably. At 10 o'clock the Hamburg was made out six miles to leeward and astern, and every one was pleased with what had been done so far. On account of the fog no morning sight could be had, but at noon a fair one was got and showed the yacht to be in latitude 39.40 and longitude 70.24. She had sailed 165 miles since the start. Her course had been south 73 degrees east.

The fresh northerly wind cleared the fog away and the boat slipped along for an hour or two and then the wind fell light again. When it was fresher the yacht made 8 knots in half an hour, but she soon slowed down to about five miles an hour. The wind kept backing, and at 8 o'clock in the afternoon the spinnaker and balloon staysail for the first time was set, but they were taken in again at 7 o'clock and the yacht jibed. The night was a glorious one. The full moon shone clearly and the yacht scudded along in rare style, so that the unpleasantness of the earlier part of the race was foregotten.

Early in the morning of the 19th the breeze increased, and the spinnaker, which had been reset, was lowered and the square sail set in its place. By noon that day the yacht had sailed 222 miles more of her journey. She was in latitude 40.14 and longtitude 65.37 and had sailed a course since the previous sighting north 81 degrees

The weather still continued fine and clear, but with decreasing breeze. Full sail was carried all night and every one on board was alert to see the yacht make the most of her opportunities. It was warm, too, the temperature early in the previous afternoon having been 70 degrees in the shade, and it seemed more like yachting. The yacht sailed a course north 82 degrees east and at noon on the 20th was in latitude 40.45, longtitude 60.38. Her day's run was 229 miles, and from the start she had sailed 616 miles.

That afternoon the first vessel seen in the race was sighted. All was excitement on board to make out what the steamer was. First her black smoke was seen above the horizon, and then as she grew larger she altered her course somewhat to get close to the yacht. She proved to be the Red Star liner Westernland, bound west. Capt. Barr was anxious about ice and set the ice flag, but getting no reply was pleased, because that indicated that the steamer had seen none. At 5 o'clock another steamer loomed up. This was the Minnetonka, bound west, and again signals were exchanged, but no ice was reported. The wind in the meantime had gone to the southwest and the spinnaker was taken in, and with the wind over her quarter the yacht showed that she liked the change and bounded on toward her

distant goal. About sunset, the wind taking off and the sky having a bad look in the southwest, Capt. Barr ordered topsails taken in. At 9 o'clock a heavy squall from the southwest struck the yacht. The wind howled and the rain fell in torrents and all sai was shortened, all hands being called on deck to help. They had a very lively half here was a moderately easterly wind, and hour just driving along under foresail and

thusiastic. Even Capt. Barr, who rarely done and that the figure of the next day's run would show what kind of a boat the Atlantic was. The wind freshened to a strong breeze, and staysails and topsails, were carried as long as possible until the topmasts were bending under the strain, were taken in, and then the yacht seemed literally to fly through the water. The weather looked threatening to the south, but a new record was in sight, and it is only by taking chances that races are won. The yacht heeled so that the water boiled along the lee deck, but it was exhilarating, and, although uncomfortable, all were delighted that such good progress

was being made. At noon, taking the position of the boat was an exciting time. Carefully the navigators made their calculations, and when it was announced that the day's run had been 341 miles every man cheered. The record of the Dauntless, 328 miles, had been beaten and a new set of figures estaband the fog very thick, so that the fog lished, which every one was confident would stand for many years. The 341 miles had and her average speed was just a fraction under 14.5 nautical miles an hour. The yacht was then in latitude 44.57 and longitude 39.50. Good sights had been had each day, so that there is absolutely no

doubt about the record.

In the afternoon the weather grew worse. The spanker was double reefed at 6 o'clock and three hours later it was taken in. At midnight a moderate southerly gale was blowing and the sea was quite high. There was little rest for any one on board the yacht that night. At 2 o'clock in the morning the wind had increased to such force that the fore and mainsails were lowered and the jib taken in and fore and mizzen trysails were set. The ship behaved well, shipped no water and plowed along through the vast deep at racing speed in spite of her shortened canvas. The wind moderated somewhat at sunrise and at noon canvas was got on her again The fore and mainsails were hoisted, both tonsails set and then the square sail and raffees were set. By noon the Atlantic had added 282 miles to her score. She was then in latitude 48.33, longitude 33.30 and her course was north 70 degrees east.

The wind in the afternoon was quite strong and there was a moderate to heavy following sea. At 2 o'clock the mizzen topmast staysail was set, but only kept up for an hour, as the wind and sea were both

The boat was wet, of course, and as the sea rose water began to come over the weather rail and four oil bags were put over the bow. These dripped oil upon the troubled waves and the soothing effect was wonderful. During the night the wind still increased and canvas was shortened again until the yacht finally got down to a square sail, under which she scudded. The next morning there was a whole gale from the southwest, but the ship was running well, and by noon she had added 279 miles. She was then in latitude 47.58, longitude 26.48. The oil bags were kept over the side to keep the sea from breaking on board and the two belinsmen had to be lashed to the wheel to keep them from going overboard.

That night as the wind was still high there was a conference to decide whether to drive on through the gale during the night or to heave to until daybreak. Some were in favor of heaving to, but it was decided that there could be no loafing and that they must drive on if the Atlantic would win the race. This action probably won the race for the yacht, as the Valhalla and Hamburg were close astern and would have gained considerably while the Atlantic

It was a pad night. The wind tore through the rigging. It lashed the waves into a perfect fury and everything was cold, wet and uncomfortable. But the finishing line was not many miles away and the gale could not last forever, so the gallant yacht plowed on through the seas. tossing and tumbling, sometimes poised tossing and tumbling, sometimes poised on one big wave and the next moment wallowing in the trough between two giant waves that threatened to swamp her. Then she would seem to have life, and shaking herself from the water dart forward, seemingly bent on breaking all records and capturing the much coveted trophy.

Gradually the long hours of the night wore away and the faint streaks of dayn showed above the horizon. They showed a yacht almost under bare poles stagge, and the steam yacht of this week and is now anchored off the Huntington Manufacturing Company, New Rochelle, and is now anchored off the new owner's place at Gien Cove, L. I.

The same office negotiated the sale of the sloop Nei San for Major J. McGaw Woodban was designed by William Gardner and built in 1901 by Wyckoff Brothers & Taylor, Clinton, Conn. She is 40 feet over all.

Mr. Seaman reports that a new propeller being placed aboard the steam yacht Orienta, recently chartered to the Panama Government. She will be ready for her trial trip this week and is expected to make over 20 miles. If successful, she will leave at once for Colon, Panama.

the journey, and the yacht went on under all talks, declared that something was being her kites, including spinnaker and balloon staysails. At noon she had completed 282 miles and was 31 miles from the Lizard. At 2:30 o'clock an Admiralty tug ran alongside the yacht and told those on board that she had won the race, and then a cheer rang out that could almost have been heard in the lonely lighthouse on the Lizard. The Atlantic slowly crept on toward the finish and crossed the line at 9:16 o'clock. Her time for the 3,008 miles across the ocean was 12 days 4 hours 1 minute and her average speed 10.31 knots an hour.

The following table s			
other yachts in crossin	g the	Atlantic	
The state of the s			Best
		Arerage d	ay run.
Yacht.	Year.	Knots.	Knois.
Henrietta	1866	0.36	280
Fleetwing	1866	9.16	260
Vesta		9.14	277
Sappho		9.06	316
Coronet		8.06	291

Endymion OUR OWN LAKE COUNTRY.

Vigilant... Yampa...

Party's Summer Trip. Last year a party of summer tourists planned a trip which should combine inland travel by water with a short ocean voyage. Starting from New York, they were going up the Hudson to Troy, thence by tail to Lake George, thence by boat up Lake George and Lake Champlan across country to the St. Lawrence and then by the St. Lawrence and the ocean back to the city.

Up-State Beauties That Interrupted One

The trip was nicely planned, but the tourists failed to cover it because of their delight in the beauties of Lake George and Lake Champlain.

On Lake George they were reminded of Herbert Spencer's saying in his autobiography: "Lake George is the most picturesque thing I saw in the United States Three of our English lakes placed end to end would be something like it in extent and scenery." So heartily did they indorse the remark that they spent two weeks

There were steamer trips through the lake and drives along the shores-drives sometimes through virgin forests and again at the very water's edge.

There were days too that had to be devoted to fishing, for no one with the instinct of the angler could pass by the trout and salmon waters about the Hague, Bolton and Lake George village, the bass grounds among the Canoe Islands and the Hundred Islands of the pickers! grounds in the northern part of the lake.

At Lake Champlain the party found no lessening of interest. There they found a lake of magnificent distances, of superb mountain views and of rare historic associations. One part of the lake was pointed out as the scene of McDonough's victory; out as the scene of McDonough's victory; along one shore were many battlefields of the French and Indian wars, and at Ticonderoga they inspected the ruins of the fort which Ethan Allen took "in the name of the Great Jahovah and the Great Jehovah and the Continental

From Lake Champlain the party passed to Au Sable chasm inland from the western shore and took a day or two in admiring that Yosemite of the East where the Au Sable River, leaping over a succession of high water falls, forces its way between sheer cliffs of solid rock to Lake Cham-

There are thousands of tourists to whom the lakes of northeastern New York appeal with quite as much force as they did to this of tourists. The shores of both are filled the coming summer.

Yachts Change Hands.

The auxiliary yawl Idelon has been sold by Dr. W. Merle Smith, Seawanhaka Yacht Club, to W. H. Parsons of this city, through the office of Stanley M.Seaman. The Idelon the office of Stanley M. Seaman. is of the strict modern type, 55 feet over all, 35 feet water line, 14 feet beam, 7 feet dnift, designed and built in 1903 by the L. J. Nilson Company, Baltimore, Md. A 7 horse-power Lathrop motor gives a speed of 6 miles under power. She has been fitted out at the yard of the Huntington Manufacturing Com-

Slocum his own self 't run the best note! in the State them days.

"One night there was a feller come to the hote! 't 'peared to be considerable out o' the common, judgin' from his looks an' ways. Nobody knowed who he was, but he registered as T. Slocum f'm New Orleans, an' when he heerd 't a man named Slocum owned the hote! he wanted to see him first off, afore he'd even eat supper.

"When he seen Pete he must ha' made hisself monstrous solid some way, f'r Pete

W. M. LOWRIE, G. P. A., 5. J. ELLISON. G. A. P. D. 230 Prudential Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y. 413 Broadway, New York. LUCK IN POKER. It Was Great in Flushes, but Un-

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hundred worth o' chips an' introduced him to the game. Pete Slocum wouldn't ha' did more'n that f'r his brother if he'd had one, let alone a faraway cousin, which was what this stranger let on 't he was.

"I was in an' out o' the room three or four times early in the night, an' I seen they was playin' the same game as usualdollar ante calls two, five dollar jacks an' table stakes. It were a tol'able hot game, too, f'r I seen three or four on 'em buyin' different times, an' there must ha' been two thousand or more on the table afore I took chances on stayin' in the room an' lookin' on f'r a while.

"'Peared f'm what they said 't Col. Bumbottle was all drawin' cards. Col. Bumbottle he took one, as usual, an' the Judge an' Col. Bumbottle he took in tol'able cheap. The way I looked at it he felt more tore up at havin' his four of a kind beat nor he did at losin' the money.

"The game went on, though, without no great excitement after that, till abo t six opened an' T. Slocum an' the Judge an' Col. Bumbottle he took it tol'able cheap. The way I looked at it he felt more tore up at havin' his four of a kind beat nor he did at losin' the game went on, though, without no great excitement after that, till abo t six opened an' T. Slocum an' the Judge an' Col. Bumbottle he took it tol'able well, even when some on 'em said tol'able cheap. The way I looked at it he felt more tore up at havin' his four of a kind beat nor he did at losin' the great excitement after that, till abo t six opened an' T. Slocum an' the Judge an' Col. Bumbottle he took it tol'able well, even when some on 'em said tol'able cheap. The way I looked at it he felt more tore up at havin' his four of a kind beat nor he did at losin' the great excitement after that, till abo t six to even deals later there were a jackpot opened an' T. Slocum an' the Judge an' Col. Bumbottle he took on, as usual, an' the others took three apiece.

"Nobody bet very fur'ous, but there was five or six ten dollar raises afore there was all drawin' cards. Col. Bumbottle was all

he stayed. An' every time he stayed he filled.

"Bimeby this here regularity kind o' seemed to git onto T. Slocum's nerves. so to speak, an' he got skeery about comin' in ag'in Bumbottle. He set next to Bumbottle on the left, so Bumbottle had the say ahead o' him, an' I seen him throw down his cards two or three times when I thought he was goin' to stay, just because Bumbottle stayed.

he was goin' to stay, just because Bumbottle stayed.

"I reckon I ain't got luck enough to play ag'in any man as c'n fill flushes all the time. 'Pears like he c'd almost tell what cards he's goin' to draw.' he said one time when he throwed down threes.

"Now that was tol'able near fightin' talk, an' Bumbottle looked around at him like he was tryin' to tell whether T. Slocum was lookin' for to see whether he was goin'

Bassett, about the State o' Mississippi to be took up. So I says to myself there was likely to be some shootin' did afore long. if they was all bundled up an' took North an' I were startin' for the door when Pet spoke up quick.

'That's a pecooliarity o' Colonel Bum-

bottles's,' he said, very hasty. 'He more flushes nor any five men in

you how well known the Bumbottle fam'ly has been f'r the last eight hundred year in the State o' Mississippi. But it were a Bumbottle 't first took to breedin' blooded hosses in Mississippi. It were a Bumbottle 't brung the first game chickens into Mississippi. It were a Bumbottle 't took Col. Jim Bowie's knife outer his hand an' killed him with it. An' they do say 't f'r more'n two hundred year the Bumbottles, father an' son, was the best poker players anywheres up an' down the hull Mississippi where sup an down the hull Mississippi a game that's somewheres rear even, an' I'll tell you what I'd like if it's agreeable. S'posin' we play straights instead o' flushes. Don't count flushes at all, an' reckon a straight with the value of a flush.

"'Pears like that won't make no great in the state of the says. We're some proud o' the Colonel's poker,' he says. "We'll says, sort o' laughin'. ""We'll says T. Slocum, 'Tain't nothin' strange for you to be proud. 'Pears to me the says. The says. "We'll says T. Slocum, 'Tain't nothin' strange for you to

"'Pears like that won't make no great change in the game, but it 'll give a chanst o' tellin' whether Col. Bumbottle c'n draw to straights as ac'rate as to flushes.

to straights as ac'rate as to flushes.'

"That were quite some of a speech for a stranger, but T. Slocum were a tol'able good talker an' had some manners, an' they listened all right, though I c'd see as Col. Bumbottle were some dubious whether it were up to him to make objections.

"But when T. Slocum got through talkin' there was a right smart o' discussion. They all knowed what straights was, for they was a good deal talked about them days. was a good deal talked about them days, but they hadn't never been played in Vicksburg, an' the five friends wan't none too favorable to changin' their play for a stranger, but Pete Slocum, he spoke up one who appreciates picturesque scenery

stranger, but Pete Slocum, he spoke up agin' an' he says:

"What harm'll it do?' he says. 'It's on'y f'r one evenin', an' when we're entertainin' a outsider,' he says, 'we mought as well do it proper.' So they tried the new

"They hadn't had more'n three a'ter the change was made afore Col. Bum-bottle he throwed away a card when it come to the draw an' called for one. T. Slocum, he called for two an' the others took three apiece. It were the Judge's first bet, him havin' opened the pot, an' he chipped a white chip.

"Then Col. Bumbottle had a say, an' he

throwed in a white an' a blue, meanin' a raise o' twenty dollars, an' he looked at T. Slocum with fish eyes.

"T. Slocum he looked ser'ous, an' he skun his hand down careful to see if it was

all there. Then he said:

"I dunno. 'Pears to me like it don't stand to reason a man c'n al'aye fill every hand he draws to, an' mine ain't injured nand he draws to, an inhibited none by the draw. I reckon I c'n figger out about a hundred in sight, holdin' these here,' an' he hists it a hundred.

"Col. Bumbottle he looked kind o' contented, but he kep' his eyes fishy as well as he could, an' when the others passed out he said, 'I reckon there ain't no great

difference 'tween drawin' f'r a flush an' drawin' f'r a straight, bein' as the value is the same.' An' he shoves his pile into the pile, findin' closet on to eight hundred in it, an' he says very slow, 'I reckon you're bluffin' this time, an' as long as it's table

stakes I ain't got no license to go no furder 'n my pile, an' all's I've got in front o' me is about three hundred. Afore I call you, though, I'd like to make a proposition. I'll bet you'a thousand on the side after the call an' afore we show down.'
"Then Col. Bumbottle's eyes wa'n't fishy no more. He were as eager as a boy with his first gun, an' all's he said was 'Make it two thousand an' I'll go you.'

Some o' the others started to say that wa'n't no way to play table stakes, but there wa'n't no streneous objection an' they put up the money. Then Col. Bumbottle he laid down four fours and

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great excitement after that, till abot six or seven deals later there were a jackpot opened an' T. Slocum an' the Judge an' Col. Bumbottle was all drawin' cards. Col. Bumbottle he took one, as usual, an' the others took three apiece.

"Nobody bet very fur'ous, but there was five or six ten dollar raises afore there was a showdown, an' all three on 'sm stayed to the finish. Finally the other two called Col. Bumbottle an' the Judge showed three queens, an' T. Slocum showed three acces, but Col. Bumbottle laid down a straight ten high an 'reached for the pot.

"But T. Slocum, he says, 'Hold up! I reckon you was sure enough o' fillin', but there is 'ules in this here game, an' there ain't no man allowed to open a jack pot on a four straight.'

"I didn't open the pot,' says Col. Bumbottle."

bottle.

"'I say you did,' says T. Slocum.

"You're a liar,' says Col. Bumbottle,
an' the next minute he were stretched out
on the floor with a bullet hole between his

eyes.

"Under the law, then, o' course it were a plain case o' self defense, an' while the people o' Vicksburg felt mighty bad about Col. Bumbottle, there wa'n't nobody thought o' blamin' T. Slocum, though it did come out t' he were mistook. It were the Judge that opened."

which had gone out while be talked, and smoked earnestly for some minutes while his hearers, considerably shocked by the abrupt termination of the tale, sat in silence. Finally Jake Winterbottom said:

"Didn't you say somepin' about that verse in Scripter that says 'Him that has, gits?" 'Pears to me like you said Col. Bumbottle put you in mind of it.'

"So he does," said Greenhut briefly.
"He had, an' he got it in the neck."

JOYS OF THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Motor Boating to Be a Popular Sport ex the St. Lawrence This Summer.

Among the 1,700 islands which constitute the world famed Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence preparations are being made to increase the attractions for summer tourists. Hotel managers say that they have reason to expect one of the best seasons in the history of the region. Nature, they say, has supplied everything in the way of scenery that the tourist has a right to desire, and all the way from Clayton to Chippewa Bay, on both sides of the river, large and small hotels are preparing better accommodations than ever. The season will be especially noticeable,

the natives say, for motor boating, a sport for the enjoyment of which few places offer one who appreciates picturesque scenery can spend the whole summer without exhausting the list. Despite the popularity of the motor boats

and launches, there is no reason to expect lessening of the popularity of canceing and small boat sailing. For cance sailing or coursing in and out among the islands in the batwinged boats of light draft nicely tested.

New cottages building on hundreds of islands indicate that the number of permanent summer residents is to be largely increased. There is a heavy demand, too, for houseboats, which afford the conveniences of cottage life with the added pleasure of a change of scene as often as the owner desires. The houseboat is a comparatively new feature of Thousand Islands life, but one that is steadily grow-

ing more popular.

For the tourist the opportunities of view ing the islands are unexcelled. At night searchlight excursions are run, the flashes revealing rare visions of scenery. By revealing rare visions of scenery. By day one may take the "Fifty h lie Ramble" on the New Island, wander through the Lost Channel and among the Admiralty Group over to the picturesque Canadian town of Ganonoque. He may go by another route to Kingston or he may take fast and finely fitted steamers down the river to Montreal, Quebec or the Saguenay, or up the river and through Lake Ontario as far as Toronto.

as far as Toronto.

The scenery of the Thousand Islands was one of the few things that lifted Charles Dickens from a cynical mood on his American trip. The scenery is all there yet, a picture fraught with uncommon interest and pleasure," as it was when Dickens so

Miss Moore and Miss Wallace Win Penn. State Doubles.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10.-Miss Moore of New York and Miss Wallace of Philadelphia won the State Tennis championship in doubles

"When he seen Pete he must ha' made hisself monstrous solid some way, i'r Pete couldn't do enough i'r him. Took him to his own table in the big dinin' room, gave him the best room in the house and at night took him into the baok room an' sold him a to 'yourn, but this one c' mine looks a heap 'yesterday. The summary:

Women's Doubles—Semi-final round—Miss Moore and Miss Chase and Miss Lycett.

Women's Doubles—Semi-final round—Miss Moore and Miss Wallace beat Miss Chase and Miss Destruction.

"I do hate almighty bad to make a mistake like that. I were cooksure you had a four straight. That's a tol'abliggood hand to' yourn, but this one c' mine looks a heap o' yourn, but this one c' mine looks a heap to beat Miss. Hibbs and Mrs. Gilbert, 6—1.